UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
Editor in Chief

Louis L. Mann
Curtis W. Reese
Associate Editors

Out of College Windows

By H. R. MUSSEY

Tenko Nishida and *Ittoen*

Part I. By C. B. OLDS

Is World Revolution Coming

By WILFRED WELLOCK

A Visit to Gandhi's Ashram

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

World Fellowship of Faiths

For the first time in 1,100 years, the Head of an orthodox Hindu sect is leaving India. He is coming to Chicago, this summer, to address the World Fellowship of Faiths. His Holiness Jagadguru Shri Shankaracharya is bringing twenty Hindu priests in their picturesque robes—to assist in his daily obligatory religious ceremonies.

Bishop Francis J. McConnell, National Chairman of the World Fellowship of Faiths, at the new headquarters of the Fellowship in the Hotel Morrison, Chicago, issued, yesterday, the first public report of the speakers who have accepted invitations to address the Chicago sessions which will continue, during the Century of Progress, the great traditions of the World Parliament of Religions which was held at the time of Chicago's first World's Fair in 1893.

His Highness Maharaja Gaekuar of Baroda, Sadhu Vaswami (liberal Hindu), Raja Jai Prithvi Bahadur Singh (Humanist), K. Natarajan (Bramo Samaj), Sir Zakir Husain (Moslem), Dr. Pardamen Singh Grewal (Sikh), Charmat Rai Jain (Jainism), Bramachari Devapriya Walisinha (Buddhist),—are also among the one hundred and two eminent speakers who have accepted the invitation to address the World Fellowship of Faiths.

Senator Arthur Capper, Governor Gifford Pinchot, Professor John Dewey, Bishop James E. Freeman, Edward Howard Griggs, John Haynes Holmes, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, Justice Florence Allen, Ambassador Sao-ke Sze, Bishop Frederick B. Fisher, Roscoe Pound, and Rufus Jones are among the many distinguished men and women who are coming from various parts of America.

In occasional great meetings throughout the five months from June to November, and in daily sessions during the three culminating convention weeks from August 27 to September 17, representatives of many creeds and countries will seek to solve such problems as: "Poverty-Amidst-Plenty," "Unemployment," "Racial and Religious Persecution," "Youth and the Future," "Men and Machines," "Fear," "Disarmament," "War."

Bishop McConnell said: "Those of us who recall with gratitude the Parliament of Religions in 1893, anticipate with real eagerness the World Fellowship of Faiths. It will differ from the Parliament of Religions in two vital ways which correspond to the progress of world thought during the past forty years. The first difference is that, instead of a competitive parade of rival religions, all faiths will be challenged to manifest or apply their religion by helping to solve the urgent problems which impede man's progress. The second difference is that the word 'Faiths' is understood to include, not only all religions, but all types of spir-

(*Continued on page* 259)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

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Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth of England the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers; and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery, and their literature to lust. It is, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual, and difficult work; to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise—but above all—by example. —*John Ruskin.*

There can be no question, to our way of thinking, that one of the factors now at work in the world is the distintegration of capitalism. An order of society is going to pieces in our day, as feudalism went to pieces in its day. This is in itself no tragedy. A social system does its work, makes its contribution, and then passes on, to be succeeded by some new and better system. This is the natural course of evolution, which is to be recognized as such. Capitalism came at its appointed time, and conferred upon mankind the inestimable service of solving the problem of material production. In our day and generation, thanks to the industrial revolution and its organization under capitalistic control, the basis of civilization, as the late Professor Patten was never tired of pointing out, was changed from a basis of deficit to a basis of surplus. Man had learned how to produce beyond all the capacity of his reasonable needs. Today we are overwhelmed by our own surplus products which, under the conditions of the existing order, we are quite unable to consume. This means that capitalism, essentially a system of production (for profit!), is through, as feudalism was through in the tenth and eleventh centuries. But there is no reason why capitalism should go all at once, and overwhelm us in universal disaster. On the contrary, the process of evolution should bring on the inevitable change decently and in order — if it *is* evolution! But just here is where we encounter a second and more immediate factor at work in the present catastrophic condition of the world. We refer to the War and its aftermath, the Peace, which killed or maimed 50,000,000 human beings, and destroyed or wasted $1,500,000,000,000. It is this cataclysmic horror which has wrecked our civilization, and made the passing of capitalism a sudden and terrible bleeding-to-death, so to speak, rather than a natural process of dissolution. We have not recovered, and may never recover, from the War! This is the fundamental explanation of all that is just now happening in the world.

The Roosevelt honeymoon seems to be over. "Volcanic fires are smouldering under the administration," says the Portland *Oregonian*. It is doubtful if eruptions can be avoided before Congress at last adjourns and leaves the President and his advisers alone with their vast executive problems. For a while it seemed as though the honeymoon period were going to endure beyond all historical precedent. Mr. Roosevelt seemed to be a "miracle man," at least in his ability to control Congress and hold the goodwill of the people. The break came with the Morgan investigation, which involved important members of the administration, and, in the recalcitrancy of the Senate Committee, left in doubt the attitude of the President in the matter of "ripping off the lid." It only needed this embarrassment of the White House to release the opposition which had been long gathering in Congress, and which naturally broke out at the point of sorest contention—namely, veterans' relief. Then came the row over new taxes, and what these taxes should be. In the midst of these multiplying ructions, came the blazing indiscretions of the new ambassador to the Court of St. James, Robert W. Bingham. Mr. Bingham never had any qualifications for this exalted office, and promptly proved it by making a speech of incomparable foolishness on his arrival on English shores. This was promptly followed by the row over Secretary Howe's use of the radio; and the scandal, or near scandal, of the $1.40 toilet kits purchased for the civilian conservation corps. Before this editorial is printed, new occasions of dissension will undoubtely appear. The Morgan inquiry alone contains enough dynamite to wreck a half-dozen administrations. But we are convinced that the people are behind their President—Mr. Roosevelt at this juncture can make only one mistake, and that is to desert the people for the politicians. Let him push straight ahead, without fear or favor, and he cannot be discredited or cast down.

Future historians may set it down in their annals that the downfall of the American republic began with

the war veterans and their raidings of the national treasury. Mr. Hoover met this issue bravely and squarely. Mr. Roosevelt did the same, and with better effect than his predecessor, thanks to critical developments after the inauguration. The new President's greatest triumph in those opening weeks was perhaps his Economy measure, drastically cutting the scandalous appropriations for the veterans. But this triumph was only temporary. The moment the President fell into difficulties, the veterans lobby came to life, and a subservient Congress once again attempted to hand out funds, paid in by burdened tax-payers, to the insatiable soldiers of the Great War. What happens in this new crisis is of little importance, though it is tragic for the President to give way by consenting to new taxes to meet these new extortions. The main thing is that we have here, in the veterans' organization, a permanent conspiracy of loot which is bound sooner or later to wreck the government. For it matters little how much prosperity comes back, what economic and political reforms are effected, if always there is standing by this horde of greedy almoners resolved to take out of the treasury always a little more than comes in. One might as well expect a man, however healthy, to live with an open artery pouring out the blood from his body, as this nation, whatever its industrial and social health, to survive with this constant drain upon its resources. It is certain that these veterans will never be satisfied. If they are demanding more now, with the nation still close to ruin, how much more will they demand tomorrow when the nation is once more strong? This situation is serious beyond words to exaggerate. Why try to do anything if the veterans in the end are going to clean us out?

Keeping banks open, business in operation, government solvent is a matter of first importance. If these go, everything goes. But it should not be forgotten that there are other institutions, necessary to the welfare, even the survival of society, which are fighting a desperate rear-guard action these days, and which challenge our support. The public schools, for example! Appropriations are everywhere being cut down, sessions curtailed or suspended altogether, teachers dismissed, left unpaid, or otherwise demoralized. We hear of high schools being closed for lack of funds, and in one case of the schools of an entire community closed this past month. Then there are the many negro schools of the South, dependent upon private benefactions. Some have already gone out of existence, others are on the verge of death, the rest await what seems to be an approaching doom. Colleges and universities are likewise stricken—as witness the tragic instance of the University of North Carolina! Churches are carrying on bravely, and complaining not at all, but finances are terribly depleted, and work and worship maintained with increasing difficulty. Libraries are buying no new books, closing their stacks and reading-rooms for lack of light and heat, and paying the members of their staffs starvation wages. Hospitals find their incomes and gifts disappearing at the very time when the burden of public service is becoming heavier than ever. Music and art are of course receiving mortal blows. Not only have recitals and concerts been reduced to a minimum, but established organizations, such as orchestras and opera-houses, are threatened with extinction. President Roosevelt was wrong when he said in his inaugural address that "our common difficulties . . . concern, thank God, only material things." They concern spiritual things as well. This nation is battling at this hour not only for its body but for its soul. Man cannot live at all without bread—wherefore is bread our first necessity! But "man does not live by bread alone"—wherefore must the sustenance of the spirit be sustained! Any complete system of relief and restoration must include schools, churches, libraries, hospitals, and orchestras in its ministrations.

As we survey the story to date of the Jewish pogroms in Germany, we feel that in the broader and more enduring sense of the word, world Jewry has abundant reason for satisfaction. There was a time when the sons of Jacob could be persecuted and massacred without anybody's getting excited. It is only within this modern age that mankind has developed a conscience upon this business of anti-Semitism. We ourselves can remember the furious waves of anger which beat upon old Russia in the days of the Kishineff horrors. But never, we believe, has the world been so stirred, and its protests voiced with such effectiveness, as in the case of the Hitler attack upon the German Jews. If anything could be funny in such a tragedy it would be the complete surprise of the Nazis at discovering that the Jews have friends. In their fanatical innocence they evidently assumed that they could do anything they wanted to do with these Jews, and nobody be disturbed. But no sooner was the sword of persecution lifted than a cry went up which shook the Reich to its foundations. We would have had this cry yet louder and fiercer—it should have consumed the Nazis in its wrath, and would have done so had the Gentiles, especially the Christian Gentiles, been alert and responsive. But it was a mighty shout, nonethe-less, and showed at least two things. First, that the Jews have won their permanent and welcome place in our western world! Secondly, that the days for anti-Semitism are gone—this prejudice is a sign and symbol of a barbarism which has no place in our civilized society! For what the Jews of Germany have suffered, are suffering, and have still to suffer, there

can be no recompense. But to Jewry at large, and in the long run, this Nazi horror has its advantages—its good out of evil. We can imagine the historian of the future marking this tragic episode as a turning-point in the history of the Jew. For long centuries in the past an alien, "dispised and rejected of men," he is now and henceforth to be a fellow-citizen, a brother. The night is gone; the day at last is come.

The church situation in Germany grows increasingly interesting—and tense! Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Berlin correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News,* calls it "a religious war such as this people (the Germans) has not experienced since the seventh century." The occasion of this "war," as Mowrer terms it, is the refusal of the Lutheran churches to bow the knee to the Nazi dictator. Alone among all the societies and institutions of the Reich the church has refused either to collapse or to surrender. Let it be remembered, to the greater glory of Christianity, that when the Communists ran to cover, when the Social Democratic Party simply folded up and succumbed, when the trades unions crumbled and disappeared, the Protestant churches stood their ground. Not as completely and valiantly as we might have wished, as we noted in last week's editorial! But on one issue, at least, the churchmen refused to budge an inch. This was in the matter of the election of a bishop to rule over the nationalized church with dictatorial powers. Hitler demanded the election of his lieutenant and chaplain, the Rev. Ludwig Mueller. The representatives of the churches flatly refused to obey orders, and insisted upon electing their own candidate, the Rev. Friedrich von Bodelschwingh, distinguished clergyman and scholar. This is the sole instance of opposition encountered by the Nazi chieftain since he took office. That it can permanently succeed, we cannot believe. The dictator's power is too great; the activity of his "German Christians" inside the church is too energetic, unscrupulous, and brutal. Furthermore, the issue is too important! Hitler and the Nazis are deliberately proposing to transform the mind of all Germany—to militarize a whole new generation in preparation for the inevitable war of liberation. For the accomplishment of this end, the control of the church is absolutely essential. Hitler is bound, therefore, to smash the church's opposition. He will elect his bishop, and in due course make the vast body of German Protestantism a mere appendage of the Nazi machine. But the church is fighting, and at this writing has not yet been subdued. It is religion, in other words, which has maintained such "shreds and patches" of dignity and self-respect as still survive in Germany.

Out of College Windows

It is always interesting to observe what seems to be going on in the minds of young people; for one likes to believe, at any rate, that it gives some suggestion of what may come to pass in the future. Heaven lies about us, it is true, not only in our infancy, but also in the dream days that come to their climax during the college years—that is, if one be a dreamer at all; and the shades of the prison-house close all too swiftly after those years are past. Yet we find changes in college thinking by no means without significance. Coming back to college work after a three years' absence from it, we have found during the past year a striking change from the life and thought that we left in June of 1929, the golden year. It is not only that the whole scale of college expenditures has changed—aside from fixed college charges Wellesley students have spent during the year just past little more than half what they spent only two years ago—but students are talking and thinking about different things, they are laying different plans, they are hoping different hopes. It is probably easy to exaggerate the extent of the change, but its reality is confirmed by the wondering question of a student just about to graduate who recently remarked this change and asked whether it was just the difference between the thinking of seniors and of sophomores! We could assure her that the change was a real one.

Four years ago it was a rarely thoughtful student who had any serious question of the adequacy of this social scheme of which she was the beneficiary. Why should she have? Everything went fairly smoothly for her and her friends, notwithstanding vague reports of difficulties in Europe. There was a job ahead if she wanted one—as mostly she did—and beyond that probably a wedding ring and a comfortable living among people of her own kind. Today she knows that a job is the portion of the specially fortunate and the uncommonly well equipped only, while marriage is a brave adventure to call for daring and ingenuity that are rare indeed. Students have to think, whether they want to or not, and the job of the college economics teacher, which but lately consisted in jimmying into their heads the idea that there might possibly be imperfections in what we have, has become in no small part that of showing that there are a few things to be said, after all, for this poor old capitalistic order of ours; for a surprising proportion of these young women appear to welcome rather warmly almost any suggestion for replacing it with another. After all, it is not strange. Just what are we to say for a social scheme that at present is building a blank wall across the way these young people have to go, the way of work and marriage?

For our own part, we find ourself saying to them

frankly that in our judgment the old order is played out, and that they have the task of building out of it a better one. We quote to them the words of Sir Basil Blackett, who, as a director of the Bank of England and a British Treasury official will scarcely be suspected of subversive purposes:

> It has taken a war unexampled in history for its destructiveness of material things and of human life, and a trade depression which has immobilized for want of employment more human beings than were ever mobilized at any one time on all the battle fronts of the war, to drive home the lesson that some better method must be found and applied to the ordering of man's economic life than the unregulated competitiveness of human beings guided solely by their own self-interest, however enlightened.

Then we quote to them his further statement that "violent revolution is a surer and swifter way to chaos and a new Dark Age even than drifting, though drifting is likely enough to lead to violent revolution." And by way of reminding them of the nature of the situation we face we read them the three lines from Shakespeare's King John with which the book is prefaced:

> Then pause not; for the present time's so sick
> That present medicine must be minister'd,
> Or overthrow incurable ensues.

These students today have already discovered that they are not in the least likely to get out of this scheme of things what their brothers and sisters might reasonably expect to get out of it no longer than half a dozen years ago. The result is that they ask various searching questions about it, which we are bound to answer to the best of our ability. We have hopefully assumed that the competitiveness guided by self-interest above referred to would mightily increase wealth, and would spread at least some of the resulting benefits among all classes of the people. In the circumstances of the past century and a half our assumption has appeared not wholly unwarranted, though the cost has been high and the resulting disorders have been of increasing rather than diminishing magnitude. Our wars and our economic crises have grown with our wealth; but we have put up with it patiently because of the benefits we could point to, and because of our assumption that there was no reliable motive on which we could depend to make men work except the desire for individual gain which has been the mainspring of our economic advance.

Today students are asking about the probable continuance of those benefits in the future; and, pointing to the Russian experiment, they are questioning the validity of our assumption that we cannot safely rely on any other motive than individual acquisitiveness. He would be a bold man indeed who should assert confidently a continuing material improvement under our present capitalism; indeed, thinkers and practical men of every kind, including great numbers of business men, are calling loudly for some kind of "plan," and are praising the extraordinary measures lately proposed and partly enacted in Washington, which, if carried out in their full scope, would mean a far-reaching substitution of central direction for private initiative.

As for the second question, we find ourself telling students that we have never believed men such poor creatures as we assumed them to be. Of course, no society can dispense in its motivation with the fundamentally important desire to get. The Russian experience thus far shows clearly enough that if men generally are to work hard they must themselves get some gain from their effort, and the Russians are applying the most approved devices of capitalism in the effort to get work out of their people; but they are experimenting, and apparently with considerable success, with a range of motives that we have conspicuously slighted; they are calling on men's desire to do, to take part in creation. To quote from Professor Ward's recent enthusiastic account of what is going on in the Soviet Union:

> The creative desires are being exalted over the possessive appetites by abolishing the possibility of acquisition, limiting ownership to purely personal property, and opening to the initiative of the masses such engrossing tasks that success in achieving social ends becomes more important than personal awards. The initiative thus created is being guided by a discipline which both represses the ego and enlarges the social self.

Those of us who are as yet unable to accept as our ideal our understanding of that "social self" toward which communism is avowedly striving must yet recognize, we believe, that the communists will beat us, and will deserve to beat us, unless in the reorganization of our society which is already upon us we manage to give vastly freer scope than we have hitherto done to the creative impulses that are such a precious possession of even the simplest men, unless we can find the way to give to our young people the opportunity to do the things that they feel it in themselves to do.

No one can be in close touch with the life of young men and women in the colleges and universities today, we believe, without realizing the danger of damming up such streams of energy by institutional arrangements that give them no scope. An intelligent unemployed college graduate is one of the supreme failures of capitalism; a few hundred thousand of them may well mean the violent overthrow of our whole scheme, before we are done with it. We do well to remember the wise words of one of the wisest men that America has yet produced, Mr. Justice Holmes:

> The joy of life is to put out one's power in some natural and useful or harmless way. There is no other. And the real misery is not to do this.

At this moment we are imposing that misery on millions of our young people, many of them the choicest spirits we have produced. They ask of us not so much the opportunity to get as the chance to do. Can it be possible that we have not the intelligence, the character, the will so to reorganize our society as to give them that chance? We cannot believe it, and our faith in the future rests in no small part on the intelligence, the character and the will of these very

young men and women on whom we have lavished all our educational resources, only to be unable to find any place for them in our stupid economic and social scheme. We hope that they will not be too impatient with it.

H. R. MUSSEY.

Jottings

A familiar type of patriot is the man who regards anything American as the best for that reason alone. Thus, Dr. F. Melius Christiansen, director of the famous St. Olaf Choir, says that "the Star Spangled Banner is the greatest national anthem in the world." It is *not!* It is by no means as good as the "Marseillaise," and cannot be mentioned in the same breath with the national anthem of Finland.

Wonders *do* happen, after all! Mrs. Roosevelt, when she recently visited Texas and met "Ma" Ferguson, declined to have her picture taken for the newspapers.

The American Bible Society announces that there were 1,678,000 fewer Bibles sold in 1932 than in the year before. This must mean to our orthodox friends that the world is really going to the devil.

Mussolini never appeared so great, so wise, so dignified, so merciful, as since the advent of Adolf Hitler.

Senator Glass has been true to his name in the Morgan investigation. We can now see through him!

If We Were A Newspaper Editor—and did the things we have said we would do: (10) *we would be discharged after our first edition.*

J. H. H.

Tenko Nishida and *Ittoen*

Part I

Some years ago there might have been seen one day in the streets of Mukden, making his way along with difficulty in the teeth of a blinding dust-storm, a peasant in rough Japanese garb. Suddenly from behind he was struck a terrific blow that almost knocked him over. Quickly recovering himself, however, he cried out almost unconsciously, "Arigato, Arigato" (Thanks, Thanks), whereupon a second blow was landed full upon his head. "Arigato, Arigato," he exclaimed again, and then, venturing to look about him, since no more blows came, he was surprised to find himself confronted by a big burly Chinese who shouted at him, "Say, man, are you a Christian?" "No." "Well I am, and I thought you were, for see here," and forthwith he pulled a well-worn New Testament out of his pocket and turning to the fifth chapter of Matthew, he said, "There, read that, 'Whosoever smiteth thee on the one cheek turn to him the other also'." "Well, that's interesting," was the rejoinder, "but why did you hit me like that?" To which the Chinese replied, "Because you are a Jap, that's why. A Jap has just done me a mean trick and I made up my mind that I would take it out on the first Jap I happened to meet. But forgive me, for I see what a brute I have been." And the other, "No, I am the one to be forgiven; for wasn't it my countryman that wronged you? I must beg your pardon." Evidently that was one too many for the Chinese for all he could do then was to blurt out, "Man, man, who are you anyway? For it's evident to me that whoever or what you may say you are, you are a good deal better Christian than I am." The story goes on to tell how, dating from that moment, the two became fast friends. I have introduced it here to show that nowhere is the spirit of *ittoen* better illustrated than it was by this disciple and exponent of its teachings.

The tale of Tenko Nishida, and how his experiences resulted in the founding of the order is still more arresting. I shall call him simply "Tenko," as everyone else does who comes to know him and love him.

The story should begin on a certain day some twenty-nine years ago, when in a certain hotel in Kyoto, Tenko Nishida might have been seen sitting friendless and alone, as though he had nothing in the world to live for. For two days he had sat there, eating nothing, nor caring to; lost to the world and to everything but the great problem that seemed to have engulfed him.

He had just come from the Hokkaido where he had been a colonist-farmer for some years. He had had his successes, but gradually hard times had come, and questions had arisen—problems that affected livelihood (others as well as his own) and he was a man of keen sympathies. He saw himself, and them, caught, as it were, between the upper and nether millstones, of capitalism, landlordism, on the one hand, and tenantism on the other—a lot that was becoming ever more intolerable for all. It was bad; and yet he could not stand in a neutral position between the two. If he did he would be ground to powder. If he took sides how much better would it be? What was life anyway? What could he do? What could *they* do, to get out of the mill? The problem obsessed him. It became his meat day and night. Finally it wrecked him and he fled. Thinking hard thoughts, then, but still with a heart open to Heaven's leading, he drifted to Tokyo. There he strode up and down through Hibiya Park, thinking, ever thinking, trying to arrive at some conclusion. Finally he fled to Kyoto, pursued thither by his thoughts, until he came to the inn where we found him first, still thinking, brooding, probing for a way out. Fortunately, or unfortunately, thanks to the kindness of a friend, at this juncture there fell into his

hands a book of Tolstoy's entitled "My Religion." It seemed exactly to fit his mood and he began to devour it avidly. Then, all of a sudden, he chanced upon that pregnant phrase that was destined to become the axis upon which his whole subsequent life was to revolve. "If you would live, die," was the phrase, and from the moment it struck his eye it began to burn itself into his soul. He did not grasp its full significance at first, but what he interpreted it to mean was that if a man would live he must put to death his individuality, with all individual strivings for recognition, a name, a competence, and throw himself unconditionally at the feet of—what? "Hikari?" (Light), "Nature?" God? It is hard to understand him here. But what he seemed to mean was that he was to find his life by losing it in the universal so that he might emerge free, with nothing of rights, duties or desires left. It was something like the renunciation that Buddhism teaches, that real life is to be found only through absorption—the merging or submerging of a man's little ego into the great universal or absolute. But it was more than that, as he afterwards discovered.

Arrived at this point in his thinking, he was startled out of his revery by a telegram. It was from his home, the old estate in Nagahama that had come before him in his dreams so often during those last years. "We are bankrupt, all is lost," it read, "Come." Bankruptcy! Bankruptcy! Well, what of it? What did that mean to him? This and only this, that the last tie that might still hold him to the old life, the old acquisitive life, was severed now by this, and he was free. Still it might mean something quite other to them, those to whom he still belonged by natural ties, and he couldn't quite ignore them, so he obeyed the summons and went. He found them all gathered together in family conclave. They were in despair. There was not a gleam of light ahead. What should they do? What *could* they do? Did he have an opinion, any advice to offer? Yes, it was this, if they would take it. "Pay up your debts, to the last cent possible, and then stand before Heaven naked and alone, expecting nothing from creditors or from anyone else. And then come and live with me. I will take care of you." Such in substance was his advice. And did they take it? "Fool," they cried, in high disdain, "do you think *we* are fools to listen to such ravings? But here, have something to eat at least, for you act as if you were famished." But no. Instead, seeing that he could accomplish nothing with them, and resolved not to compromise his newly discovered principle of life, he turned sadly away from them and beat a hasty retreat.

He found refuge at last in an unused roadside temple nearby. Here he entered, and, finding an old "zabuton" cushion, he squatted upon it and was soon lost again in his reflections. Hour after hour he sat there, for three days and three nights, eating nothing, hardly sleeping, just thinking, thinking.

On the fourth morning a baby's cry, clamoring to be fed, roused him from his revery. It provided just the cue he needed. "That is it," he cried, "a baby crying for its mother, and that means that presently there will be a mother on the scene, hurrying to feed him. The mother will come because the baby needs her and she needs the baby—drawn together by mutual necessity. If the babe does not eat he will suffer and at length die; if the mother does not feed him her swollen breasts will excruciate her and her mother-heart will ache with a deeper pain. They are for each other. That is the meaning of it. They cannot exist apart. Neither gives to the other at that other's expense, nor is anyone else the poorer for what they give to each other. It is nature's mutuality. And may it not be so with all life?" he reflects. "Is there not perhaps a Divinity on which we can depend, call it what we may, a mother-heart that yearns for us, as we, her children, yearn for her? And will she not feed us if we trust her and put ourselves in the way of receiving what she has to give, not because of our necessity, or for our satisfaction, but for her's, that the universal life may thus become rounded and whole?"

Thus reasoning, he found for himself at last a philosophy of life. The next step, then, was to act upon what he had learned. At any rate he must trust "Hikari," that inner-light that had brought him thus far on his way, and yield himself to the great Nature-mother. If she wished him to live she would feed him. If not, he would only enter the sooner into the universal life. In any case he could never again strive with her, or with others either, for his rights as over against theirs.

And so he started out. He was hungry; what would Nature do for him? The first thing his eyes fell upon as he turned out into the road was a few grains of rice that by chance had fallen from a passing cart. Ah! here was his answer then. Nature's largess! To gather and eat the scattered grains would be to rob no one; rather, it would be to act in accordance with Nature's evident intention. And so he began to pick up the grains one by one and in the process he began to find himself.

The next day conditions were different. There was no rice for him as there had been the day before. Had Nature failed him after all? But just then he was hailed by a voice from across the way. It was a friendly voice and belonged to a woman. He knew her as the keeper of a lodging-house in the neighborhood. "Come and have some breakfast with us," it said. Evidently she had in some way become aware of his plight and wished to help him. Should he accept? He hesitated. Why should she make the offer? Was she patronizing him, or was she following a heart-impulse that made her reach out to a fellow human, for her own satisfaction? He must be sure. Convinced at length that she was sincere, he agreed to accept the invitation on one condition, that his eating should in no wise add to the burden of any one, or subtract from the portion belonging to anyone. If she would give him the scrapings from the bottom of the kettle it would be fine. Willing to humor him in this, she consented and he ate, heartily and gratefully. It was his first real meal for many a day. What joy was his now, with a full stomach again, and not a care in the world!

His philosophy, as it had developed thus far, had shown him that he must now regard himself as dead to the world, with no sense of obligation and with no ambition. Suddenly now, however, he felt a new urge rise within him—an uncontrollable desire to work, to do something. He began to move. His first attack was on the breakfast dishes. In short order they were washed and put away. Then, seizing a broom, he began to sweep, and he went on sweeping, until house, yard, and all that they contained were in order, even to the filthy old latrine that no one else would deign

to touch. For three days he kept at it, as one thing led to another, and all the time with growing interest and satisfaction, even though the whole establishment had been set agog by the unaccustomed sight—mistress, servants, patrons and all. At last, everything he could find to do being done, he sat down to partake of the last frugal meal that the woman had provided for him, when lo, instead of the customary bowl of simple, coarse buckwheat, he found carefully hidden in the bottom of the bowl two appetizing eggs. Surprised and wondering what it might mean, he protested to the woman. Then she opened her heart to him. She told him just what this that he had been doing had meant to her, how she had caught the spirit that he had shown in it all, and how it had wrought salvation for her, salvation that she had sought all these years but that all the preaching of a lifetime had not been able to give to her.

Imagine the astonishment with which Tenko listended to the confession! He had not once thought how what he had been doing might affect others. What he was interested in was simply the solution of his own problem, and he had found it and in the joy of it he had been repeating to himself over and over words that might have been dropped from the lips of Mr. Hori or Dr. Bartlett of the Doshisha when they had taught him years before. "I have overcome the world, I have overcome the world," were the words, and he had used them perhaps without realizing that they were the Master's own words, for he was no Christian. But now, if what he had been doing had really helped some one else to find the way of life and salvation, what joy unspeakable was his!

And so from that small beginning there was developed one of the significant movements of modern Japan. It was all built upon the theory that if a man dedicates himself to the service of the present need, whatever that may be, not expecting reward, and not accepting it if proffered, the spirit of goodness that is in the world and that supports it, will support him. "No matter how irksome the task, or how revolting, whether it be the scrubbing of a railroad station, the helping of a man up the hill with his load, or the emptying of garbage boxes or filthy toilets, if it needs doing, I am the one to do it, not someone else. Nor am I to wait for orders, but plunge in, on my own initiative. And the result? Well, no one is going to stand by—not for long at least—and see someone else doing his job without doing something about it himself. The elemental needs are pretty sure of being met, at any rate. And as for reward, the fun of making the world a better place to live in, and see men's cold hearts thaw as those men look on—that is reward enough for any man who has once got his eyes fixed upon the goal. Joy to the giver and joy to the recipient come out of it, and hearts begin to beat together." Such was his testimony at least, and it seems to correspond with the testimony of others who have tried it also.

Thus started *Ittoen*—the "Garden-of-One-Light" idea that for the last twenty-five years has been diffusing its radiance through our benighted social order. It did not come by chance, nor has it been a mushroom growth. But it did not take long for the idea to begin to make its appeal. Other men who had drained life's bitter cup and cast it from them, stopped in their downward career amazed at the revelation of what this kind of life might mean and cried, "We, too, will make the venture. Take us with you. Lead the way and we'll follow."

C. B. Olds.

[To Be Concluded.]

Nirvana

A Gandhi cast in martyr's mold,
Defies an Empire, centuries old;
Demanding her colonial plan
Shall recognize no Indian clan.
He has no wealth at his command;
Just human clods of clay and sand,
Who lift no ensign to the breeze,
Launch no armadas on their seas.
His only motive, a desire
To kindle new religious fire
In the bewildered mind and breast
Of Buddhists, poverty oppressed.
In place of pagan rite and feast,
To bring "Nirvana" to the East.

Gandhi holds his followers fast,
By breaking bonds of racial caste;
Convinced his native Indian shore
Should hear the Lion's howl no more;
He prays for plebian release
Through revolution based on peace.
Insisting her demands are just,
He rouses India from her dust;
Shows her a Cross on ancient hill,
With power to banish all her ill.
Mothered in mud the Lion trod,
India looks to Gandhi's God
To lift her from decades of shame
And light her temples with His name.

The Lion's mouth is strangely closed,
While Gandhi, in its den exposed,
Is balancing eventual fate
Of generations 'gainst a State.
In prison by the Indian road,
His feeble frame of flesh and blood,
By prayer and fasting hopes to bring,
"Untouchables" a changeless King.
And sharing all their pain and loss,
He wonders if a British cross
Will rise beside that ancient way,
To make a modern Calvary.
Meanwhile, all castes of India bow,
Where Gandhi's Christ is passing now.

Daniel Maurice Robins

St. Francis of Assisi

[At an International Parley]

It grieves me much to gain your cold respect
Since it be given with so sour a grace.
Then let us sound each other face to face,
With shoulders square as truth and heads erect.
There is no horn nor hare nor hound nor chase.
No spear to throw, no arrow to deflect.
A fig for lot, a prune for hap of race. . . .
What heavenly warmth when soul and soul embrace
Sans armor, sans escutcheon,—sans neglect!

I hurl against this black historic span
Where Stratagem must seize and Honor cede.
Nay, let us give each other all we can,
And ask of each that only which we need.

Then *Thou* and *I* instead of *Thine* and *Mine*.
Great God! how have we brooked this twin distress?—
The bloated and the blood-sucked *Mine* and *Thine*
Mocked in the brutal scales of *More* and *Less*.

LeGarde S. Doughty

Is World Revolution Coming?

Faster than we realize, and to an extent beyond anything we had dreamed, the predictions of all the revolutionary thinkers of the last three or four decades are coming true.

How often we have heard and repeated those familiar words of the Marx-Engels era: "The Capitalist system contains the seeds of its own destruction," believing their truth to be unassailable! Yet how few of us realized that the "prosperity" to which we had become accustomed, the abundance which capitalist enterprise had created together with the power of increasing that abundance, would so soon reveal its unstable character and be overtaken by collapse—complete financial and industrial collapse—staggering and growing poverty, world-wide in extent, and wholesale bankruptcy, and in the very countries where that prosperity had been most marked.

Now that the collapse is upon us, one is amazed to discover the complete ignorance as to its causes which exists among those who are chiefly responsible for it. The bankers, the financiers, the big industrialists, and even the majority of the economists are dumbfounded by what is taking place, and one after another are confessing their inability to fathom its causes or to state its cure. When the Governor of the Bank of England confesses himself beaten, the impotence of the Kings of Capitalism stands revealed. In such circumstances the lesser lights in the capitalist world, business men and politicians, who are still looking for "prosperity round the corner," can be pitied if not forgiven.

In the meantime collapse is playing havoc with the lives of increasing millions, and incidentally bringing disillusion. That collapse, be it noted, is most marked in the country which was supposed to have done best out of the World War, and in that which was crushed, if ever a civilized country was crushed, by the Peace Treaty which followed it.

The facts are appalling. The financial system of the United States has broken down. The banks have reopened their doors, and confidence has returned to an astonishing degree. The newly-elected President is undertaking drastic measures and taking over powers whereby he may try to place the economic life of the nation upon a sounder foundation. The state, it would appear, is to exercise a larger measure of control over the business life of the nation than ever in the past. Meanwhile, the state has to cope with an army of some 15,000,000 unemployed. Private means are being rapidly dried up, while the financial situation makes it increasingly difficult for private charity to meet the demands of the unemployed, even for the barest subsistence. This means that the state will have to come to the rescue of the unemployed in ways which have always been opposed by American politicians and business men. Whether President Roosevelt will be strong enough to deal with the men who have destroyed the goose which laid the golden eggs, to reorganize industry and give to the unemployed a fair deal still remains to be seen. No doubt much will depend upon the situation outside America. Should revolution spread in other parts of the world one can scarcely imagine present-day America not being affected by it, although one may doubt whether sufficient Socialist thinking has taken place in that country to enable a successful revolution to be carried through. At the same time it should be recognized that America, with its conglomerate population, comprising people from almost every country, is less rooted to tradition than any other country, and thus better able to take strong and extreme action.

The southern half of the American continent is in a state of ferment, and anything can happen. The immediate cause of the trouble is the inability to pay the huge interest charges on loans which the United States, Great Britain and other countries thrust upon these republics in the halcyon days of capitalist expansion and prosperity. This situation naturally fosters Socialist agitation, which appears to favor root and branch action.

In Europe events are occurring faster than was anticipated. Already a great struggle for ascendancy between Fascism and Socialism is taking place. As was generally expected in the circumstances, Fascism seems likely to secure the ascendancy in the first instance. Hitler has completely triumphed in Germany, while Fascism and reaction appear to be carrying all before them in most of the Balkan States. Austria is in a precarious condition, while Greece seems helpless before the forces of reaction. Thus at the moment it looks as if a large part of Europe were destined to suffer a period of Fascisti rule. Such rule, however, cannot possibly last, as to maintain itself it must, in the last resort, look for support to Capitalism and reaction. It is a modified form of Capitalism, which capitalists are prepared to accept as the only remaining alternative to Socialism. Its repression, however, and its enforcement of a low standard of life upon the workers as the only condition of maintaining the Capitalist system, means that sooner or later the day of reckoning must come, and that by one means or another the workers will win their emancipation from the enslaving power of the vested interests.

In the Far East the present situation reveals all the horrors of rapacious Imperialism, and a supreme attempt to make that part of the world safe for Capitalism.

On a first view it would seem that what is taking place is an international struggle over certain grievances between China and Japan, but a closer examination reveals that the real issue is between Capitalism and Imperialism, on the one hand, and Socialism or Communism on the other. Had it not been for the fear of Russia, Japan would never have been allowed by the Western Powers to blossom into a first-class Imperialist Power in the Far East. There need be no mystery about the abject failure of the League of Nations to take action against the Japanese invasion of Manchuria 18 months ago.

So far as the present British Government is concerned, the pivotal issues in the Far East are Russia and India, and its decisions regarding the Sino-Japanese dispute will be made with respect to the necessity for checking the influence of Russia and thus securing more firmly the hold of Capitalism upon India and the Far East. For the last eighteen months the British Government has played her cards to secure a victory for Japan over China in the present struggle. Such a victory will be hailed as a triumph for Capitalism over Sovietism, and thus as a means of checking the influence of Russia over the entire Far East. One has only to read the British Tory Press for confirmation of this view.

Whether the present conflict in the Far East will

develop and become part of a general attack upon Russia, remains to be seen. Should the larger Western Powers feel that a favorable situation on Russia's Western frontier made the time ripe for an all-round attack upon Russia, no doubt a suitable opportunity would be found for Japan, who of course would like to turn Russia out of Manchuria, for taking action against that country.

Were that to happen, the entire world situation would immediately change. International wars would at once take on the complexion of class war, or revolution, while the latter would tend to become world wide. Any attempt upon Russia from the West would at once produce revolution throughout Europe. The possibilities of world revolution are not so remote as might be supposed.

In presenting this survey I am not advocating a policy, but merely showing possibilities in the development of the world situation in the immediate future. To see what may come is to prepare for it.

Incidentally this survey reveals the reason why the present government of Great Britain will not be prepared to give to India any measure of real freedom. A free India would be regarded as fatal to the future of Capitalism, as without doubt such an India would side with all the forces making for world-wide working-class emancipation. WILFRED WELLOCK.

London, England

A Visit to Gandhi's Ashram

[*Extract from a Personal Letter*]

. . . I have written you before of my visit to Gandhi at Poona Jail, of how I was prepared for the saint, but wholly unprepared for the man of action. I knew, of course, that he was an able man, but was surprised to find him a man of great ability. We left his presence that day filled with the joy of life. We had been in a prisoner's cell, but in the company of rare souls and in the presence of Gandhiji himself.

Yesterday we went to the Ashram, to the place where Gandhi went to live soon after his long stay in South Africa. It was a complete surprise to me. Instead of a colony of two or three small houses I found an extensive place of, I believe they said, one mile square covered with houses, simple, very simple, but several were two stories in height It was an establishment which one soon saw was run like clockwork.

There was a dairy of thirty cows where milk was furnished for the table and butter made, a tannery, a carpenter's shop, a dyeing and printing press, and above all, weaving. There is a regular school established and men and women, and even children, come from all parts of India to study all the processes of weaving. There are a hundred and fifty-five at present in the colony, sometimes two hundred and more. Many more apply than can be accommodated and all, necessarily, must be Gandhi followers. The charge is only nominal, about $1 a month. The cost is $3 a month per person, but the difference is met by Gandhi's friends. After their stay of about two years at the Ashram they go back to their villages. Everybody must work at something useful and since food and clothing are the two greatest needs of man it stands to reason that a knowledge of these two industries will teach the students to be self-supporting. All the work is done by the inmates That is the reason the charge is so small. I was asked to stay to supper. I had seen them at the first meal of the day at ten-thirty. I had an idea their food was not especially good. They sit on the floor in rows, each with his two or three brass and tin dishes. They eat quietly and afterwards each one washes his few dishes under the water-spout. Everything looked very clean in the kitchen. The bakery is a model and they are very proud of it. I met the baker, a lovely girl, and she opened the door of the bakery and showed us ten or fifteen loaves of whole wheat bread.

They urged us to remain for the evening meal and as we wanted to stay for the evening Prayer we remained. They excused me from taking off my shoes and I sat by the door and had my dishes provided for me. The gentleman, of whom we had seen most, passed the dishes around and helped each one. The meal was just the same for all. It doesn't sound very wonderful to tell you what we had, but it was simply perfect. I had often thought that probably Gandhi did not have proper food. He was always pictured in the newspapers as living on nuts, and goats-milk. The bread was delicious, and they had melted butter if desired. They had boiled rice and pols(?), I don't know what it was but it was oh! so good, and they had a vegetable stew which was perfect. Maggie swore by that, and then we had two large cups of warm milk. Everyone was supplied abundantly. The meals are very simple, very abundant and very good. The Gandhi followers do not believe in rich food. Food is only for health and strength. Well, as I said before, everything moved like clockwork. I wondered that the gentlemen who showed me about each appeared at the right moment. The one thing that impressed me as *pre-eminent* was the marvelous system of order. I never saw anything like it.

I saw Gandhi's home and the cot out of doors where he slept and Miss Slade's, the wonderful nurse's little house with her cot out of doors near to Gandhi.

The Evening Prayer was lovely, at seven-thirty after dark. That was much as I had pictured it, but I had no idea of the size and order and perfection of every detail of the whole place. It was a reflection of Gandhi. They say Gandhi really governs from prison, but he will never come back to live at the Ashram until India is free. I had hoped to get permission to see Mrs. Gandhi and Miss Slade, but they said the authorities would only permit relatives once or twice a month. I met Mr. Gandhi, a nephew of Mahatma's, who was in charge of the Ashram and is a charming man and all the men whom I met were delightful. I forgot to say that they have classes in the morning, for Gandhi wishes all students, and others who come there, to give a part of each day to spiritual, intellectual and physical development.

I have written just a little of my day at the Ashram for I knew you would be interested. . . .

F.

The Study Table

Trotsky and the Revolution

Primarily as the *homme de lettres* Trotsky has become a fashionable subject. Quite so, for the first volume of this trilogy* saw the light in English dress in the popular *Saturday Evening Post*. The revolutionary's weekly installments on the collapse of the House of Romanoff appeared at the side of the delightful stories of charming novelists: always, however, the editor took the precaution of adding at the end of the scintillating articles the warning that he does not endorse the author's position. There is considerable other evidence that he has been taken possession of by the dilettante; that he has become good "copy." The press played up strongly his trip to Copenhagen, and in the excitement virtually buried the essence of it; the case he made out "in defense of the Russian Revolution." Similarly, the Embassy Newsreel Theatre, in New York City, on Broadway, one week featured an interview with the Russian emigré; of course his remarks, by careful editing, were of a most innocuous nature. Lastly, his radio address was picked up by the broadcasting systems and relayed over the wireless to American listeners.

No apology—like the one the present writer has just prefixed—must needs be made for reviewing this book in the columns of UNITY. The authorized English version from the Russian has been made by Max Eastman, whose name is a guarantee that no part of its original force has been lost. It is noteworthy that the exiled author means by the "Russian Revolution" in his title, the events of the one year, 1917, starting with the February revolution and culminating in the October revolution: the three volumed history thus traverses every inch of the ground of the eight months' period, the first volume taking the story down to the month of June with tsardom overthrown but with Leninism still to triumph as the Bolsheviks are suppressed by Kerensky; the author then contrasts the Kornilov - Kerensky attempted counter - insurrection (vol. 2) and the Lenin-Trotsky Bolshevik triumph in October (vol. 3). The writer passes to serious matters. Class-conscious workers set the revolution in motion: such is the author's explanation. But many sources contributed to feed the main stream of insurrection: the strike was the decisive move that gave direction to the turmoil of changes; the rioting hungry masses, the war-weary soldiers, the disillusioned and betrayed peasants, the feeble tsarist ministry and the fraternization of the strikers with the mutinying garrisons. "The hopelessness of the war had become evident to all (and they looked to) find an independent road to peace"; thus when the Cossacks refused to fire, the tsarist government went under. With the Romanoff tyranny done away with, sovereignty lay divided between the provisional government that leaned upon Kornilov and the military, and the soviets of workers', and soldiers' (i. e. peasants') delegates. At this point, the class character the revolution was to take came to the fore: provisional or soviet; capitalist or proletarian; democracy or dictatorship; and bourgeoisie or proletariat: such were the theses and antitheses of the Marxian dialectic.

The Russian Revolution was—at any rate, in part—the natural outcome of the efforts of the Russian proletariat and was ushered in by the "conscious and tempered workers educated for the most part by the party of Lenin." But the end of the *ancién regime* did not mean the immediate launching of a proletarian state. Even the Bolsheviks reckoned that the February insurrection meant the passage out of feudalism into democracy, the change from an absolute monarchy to a bourgeois democracy: in February, the Bolshevik party's task "was not the creation of a socialist society . . . but merely a ruthless cleansing of the Augean stables of medievalism." But as Lenin persisted in his demand of all power to the soviets and received as his only answer the alignment of the provisional government with the bourgeoisie, by April he had come to see the revolution was not to stop at the bourgeoisie democracy state but must achieve a complete proletarian dictatorship. "The history of a revolution," says the author, "is one of forcible entrance of the masses into the realm of leadership over their own destiny." And his brilliant writing does full justice to his grand theme: description and interpretation, analysis and vision, sustained penetration and studied satire mark the vivid pages in the tempo of inevitability and necessity, leading up to the climax in accord with determinism (and not, fatalism).

Treating of the *dramatis personae* in the great upheaval the historian studs his pages with estimates of personalities and delineations of characters that are indeed annihilating. His net he casts widely; counter-revolutionists all and sundry, liberals, Mensheviks, bureaucrats and governments fall afoul of the author's deadly pen which lashes them unsparingly. The P. G. contained all the germs of its own later debacle. Miliukov was its leading spirit and foreign minister, and the policy of continued war and of the right of property marked the provisional government, as the instrument of a reactionary capitalist class, and the foe of a revolutionary proletarian people. Compromisers simply "reduced themselves in the last analysis to a defense of private property": among this number is to be counted the would-be-Napoleon of the revolution, Kornilov. This Cossack general, commander-in-chief of the military, the author discloses, in the role of the spearhead of the counter-revolution, the initiator of the period of reaction in behalf of the land-proprietors and of the vested i n t e r e s t s; therefore, as the author convincingly arrays his well-substantiated evidence—the treachery and sabotage that followed, with regard to the surrender of Riga, and Kornilov's civil war on Kerensky: "If Paris is worth a Mass, then Riga is a small price to pay for power." Describing Kerensky, the prime-minister of the provisional government, the historian sums up his peculiar ability to have laid in "his combining the weaknesses of liberalism with the weaknesses of democracy." It was when the cooperation between the prime-minister and the commander-in-chief changed into open conflict, and Kerensky and Kornilov clashed, that Leninism guided the masses first past the Scylla of the Military (Kornilov), and then when that threat had been disposed of (with Kerensky's aid), on past the Charybdis of the civil government (Kerensky) which in turn was attended to, to be followed by the triumph of the soviets in October. "Kerensky and Kornilov conversed about

*"The History of the Russian Revolution," by Leon Trotsky, in 3 vols. Published by Simon & Schuster. $10.

yielding the power one to the other as though they were discussing a berth in a sleeping-car," is the author's ironical comment on the abortive negotiations between the two. Stalin, who has banished him, the author portrays during that eventful period of troubled history: "the more decisive the pressure of the revolutionary masses became, and the greater the scope assumed by events, the more Stalin would keep in the background, the paler would become his political thought, the weaker his initiative. It was so in 1905; it was so in 1917." Stalin is shown to have supported the provisional government and bourgeoisie revolution even after May in 1917, when Lenin and the author were already planning the dictatorship of the proletariat.

The creator of a masterpiece on the other historic revolution, the French Revolution, stated the generalization that "the history of what man has accomplished in this world is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here" (Carlyle). The author of this work on a kindred revolution, the Russian Revolution, writes from such a standpoint when he declares, "in the chain of objective historic processes Lenin is the great link." The latter, in this book, receives his due meed of praise; especially as the man at the helm, he is honored for his decisive "excellent ability to detect the mood of the masses." The man's capacities bore the stamp of greatness: Marxian theory and revolutionary strategy, Utopian vision and unswerving hope, fervent zeal and conscious superiority, were all part of the make-up of "the greatest figure in the political history of Russia." And, not least, the part of Trotsky himself in the *coup d'etat* is described. Bolingbroke's dictum, that "many of the historians were excellent men and those who were not have taken care to appear such in their writings" notwithstanding, the present reviewer designedly couples the two men's names in this same paragraph. "The author neither wishes nor is able to erase from history" his rightful place, and argues that it's Lenin and Trotsky, a duumvirate, that have ever been recognized as the two leaders of the Russian Revolution. The chronicle of his achievements includes incontestable accomplishments. Shortly after Lenin, in April of that one cataclysmic year, determined on a proletarian revolution, the author was virtually the first to take his place at the side of Lenin. Heading the central revolutionary committee at the Jacobin Smolny institute, the two patriots were in essential agreement on revolutionary policies and tactics. Chairman of the key Petrograd soviet of worker's delegates, the author laid well the foundation for the seizure of power. Eloquent tribune of the people, he leavened the masses for insurrection. The burden of his claim to greatness is obvious. The legitimate heir of the mantle of Lenin is, not the ruler at Moscow, but the exile at Prinkipo.

The book under review is entitled "history," and Clio, the muse of history, must be propitiated. Wherefore, the present reviewer takes a page out of the author's book, and writes *qua* controversialist. Shaw called Marx the "man who made a man out of men"; he called Trotsky the "prince of living pamphleteers." And any one conversant with the writings of the latter, knows that the said designation is unshakeable. So much so, that the authenticity of the present history stands to be gainsaid, on the score of that same temper of writing. The history under review is confessedly objected to by the academic historians on the ground that it is all of the following: subjective and prejudiced, partisan and one-sided, pamphletary and propagandic. "The serious and critical reader," says the author, "will not want a treacherous impartiality which offers him a cup of conciliation within a well-settled poison of conscientiousness." The reviewer argues the case. The case made out *contra* the author by the orthodox historians is argued from a well-known point of view. Illustrative of it are the specimen *obiter dicta* like the one of the historian, Firth, to the effect that "recent political history is too delicate and too dangerous a ground to traverse." Or that of the historian, Rostovsky, who in another connection, insists on a spirit of "aloof impartiality, of a medium position, being taken in vexing and controversial questions" like the present Russian turmoil. Again, Hearnshaw differentiates between the problems of history that are "cool and patient," and the problems of politics that are "burning and untouchable." In short, the sacred principle of the class-room historians is that contemporary history must remain *sub judice*.

In this *disputatio*, the present reviewer argues the *pro* side. The element of popular apologetic is implicit in all text-book histories. The only difference is that in the latter, the tacit standpoint accepts the *status quo*, and judges everything accordingly. The author does have an axe to grind, but thereby his creditability is not seriously impaired. The author does select his facts for a purpose, he does fit his facts to his theory, but in doing so, does no violence to the facts, writing with a scholarly license that does not even discredit his work as history. For the guidance and reassurance of the scientific reader, the author gives bibliographical notes, and references to the sources for his quotations, naming verifiable speeches, books and newspapers. He does, as he means to, show that history teaches what he likes her to teach, he does employ his history as a justification of definite theses. But such writing of history has, if one is to charitably skip over the pedants named above, all the sanctity of age. The view of history as a storehouse of examples was taken by Polybius, Thucydides and Cicero. The author may not be objective to the extent that he does not efface his personal views, but every historian writes from a definite standpoint, whether it be an implicit capitalistic one or an explicit Marxian one. The author presents facts and then, instead of leaving his readers to come to their own conclusions, that would follow from their premises, he draws conclusions for them that follow from his premises. The author is absorbed in his study, but is prejudiced only to the extent that the emotions swaying the thought are irrelevent. But, it is to be feared that the convictions of the orthodox historians are no more relevant than those of this unorthodox historian. This history does point a moral, it does moralize, it teaches and explains certain things, but it is no whit the less—truth. And lastly, to lean on their own authorities, an intelligent interpretation of contemporary history is possible from the pen of one who can see beyond his own backyard, like the author-historian, with Freeman and Seeley that "history is past politics and present politics is history."

Any reader of this history is apt to steep himself in the dramatic events portrayed in its crowded pages and become so contemporaneous with the particular

period that he may lose the power to stand back from the picture and view it as a whole. The author of this book at no time makes any such mistake. Father of the doctrine of "permanent revolution," his historical perspective includes a range of view that sees events in their exact relationship to the process of time. He knows full well—as he has indicated in his other writings—the role and place, in the annals of the revolution, of the years preceding that of 1917. His way of hitting nails right on their heads is witnessed to, by his grasp of the Revolution of 1905 which he flawlessly termed "the dress rehearsal" of the Revolution of 1917 ("My Life"). Even then, at the turn of the 20th century, the work of destroying the Russian Empire was heroically being carried on, as part of an indigenous Russian revolutionary movement. All the while, since the triumph of the counter-revolution in 1905, up to their advent to power in 1917, the revolutionists marked time; the leaven of revolution was at work and they bided their time: when imperialist Russia went to war, their hour struck. The author knows full well too, from his standpoint, the implication the Russian Revolution has for the years following that of 1917. As to the chances of socialism in the separate country, Russia, limited to boundary lines rigidly national, he serves notice that "the problem of a socialist transformation of society was proclaimed to be in its very essence international." The present writer now develops the thought expressed at the top of this paragraph. The author of this history has the right to set any limits he chooses to the scope of his work, i. e., the history of the one year 1917; he courts a danger however as an historian, when he makes it possible for his fallible readers to fall into the error alluded to *supra*. To plunge at once into the middle of events, and cover intensively the one year 1917, and then depend on the readers to know the antecedent and subsequent history with regard to the one year, is to credit most readers with a larger historical equipment than they possess. The reviewer is not in a mood to grumble—a cat may look at a king—and it is indeed an ungracious task to harp on the small blemish of so perfect a writer. However, this reviewer would emphasize that the author knows of the unnoticed period between the dramatic upheavals, and the grim forces beneath the surface that ultimately fire the train. For he is definitely no scholar of the "drum and trumpet" school of history.

There is much in this history (which runs to over thirteen hundred pages) that begs for quotation and comment, but the reviewer is now reminded that he has already exceeded the ordinary indulgence of space afforded UNITY's "study table." His summation, which must be very brief, is this: The book, though not the last word, at once takes its place as the most authoritative account of its subject. The author, writing from the standpoint of the materialist conception of history preempts the place of Kluchevsky of the University of Moscow as—the greatest Russian historian.

N. ESSELL

Correspondence

Nazism and Britishism

Editor of UNITY:

That the world has lost all sense of proportion is all too evident. In the heat of the moment the neutral world is apt to forget that systems of thought and philosophies of life are responsible for the insanities of the Nazis in Germany and of the British administration in India. It is too bad the Germans are not clever at glossing over things as their cousins, the British, are. To us it makes no difference whether it is the Nazi or the British, whoever is the author of oppression, discrimination and persecution merits censure.

Let us not, however, condemn men. Let us rather condemn the thought patterns, the philosophies, that brought into being heartless, soulless systems—engines of oppression and tyranny. Glorification of brute power speedily leads to the grave, physical and spiritual. The Nazis rode to power on the crest of a glorification of German strength. That glorification itself was a defense mechanism on the part of the German people against the humiliations of Versailles. The Allies sowed the wind of Versailles and are now reaping the whirlwind of Potsdam.

We are, however, intrigued by a situation transcending in its ferocity what the Nazis have done. India has been a vast prison-house for the last three years. For every story of atrocity, real or fancied, circulated about the Nazis, we can produce one hundred instances of value-for-value atrocity perpetrated by the British administrators of India.

British censorship has effectively blocked all channels of communication between India and the outside world. And news of British brutality in India, very guardedly printed in Indian papers, reaching here a month later, has no news value for our metropolitan papers in America because it is a month old. The American newspapers, in other words, making a fetish of the date line, have failed to report the harrowing details of atrocities committed upon innocent non-violent men, women and children. "The credo of all dictatorships, Red, Black and Brown, obtains in India in a very much more intensified form than those dictatorships themselves know of: (1) suppress the free press; (2) suppress the right to assemble peaceably to discuss public questions; (3) suppress the right to free speech; (4) murder, execute, or exile, but at least make life miserable for all who do not prove docile enough to submit meekly; (5) pretend that every action is constitutional, even if the pretension is absurd." (*The Literary Digest*, April 1, 1933.)

By all means keep on protesting against the injustices of the Hitler regime inflicted upon Jews and political non-conformists. But that would be but a drop in the ocean. The greater terrorism going on every day for the last three years in India will soon compel the world to focus its attention upon the half-naked little man and the semi-starved millions of his great land.

The sooner we understand British cant and hypocrisy at their full value, the sooner would there be the dawn of a new day for the whole world. The arrogance of the British surpasses even that of the Nazis—and that is saying more than a mouthful. Read the words of righteous indignation in the editorial of the London *Times*: "Englishmen detest persecution in any form, and the Nazi-Nationalist regime has battered and bullied its political opponents and Jews with a ruthlessness which is revolting to all who hold personal liberty as the greatest of constitutional values." Can it be that the editorial writer of the London *Times* is ignorant of the persecution going on in India every day in order to uphold British prestige and power and to "safeguard" the fat dividends of British capitalists? Does the editorial writer in question profess ignorance of the fact that the British-Brutish Raj "has battered and bullied its political opponents," especially the non-violent followers of Gandhi and the Congress, "with a ruthlessness which is revolting" to the extreme? If personal liberty be "the greatest of constitutional values," why should Gandhi be put into prison without trial and kept behind prison bars for an indefinite period of time? To the "perfidious Albion" of the French we have now to add "hypocritical Britannia!"

There can be no peace on earth, there can be no goodwill among men, so long as an indifferent world public

opinion permits a ruthless imperialism to trample underfoot heroic men and women in Gandhi's land!

New York City, N. Y. HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR.

"Great Minds" on India

Editor of UNITY:

Emerson's remarks that great minds had nothing to do with consistency is sometimes interpreted as meaning that one must be inconsistent in order to be great. If that were so, Europe has at present a plentiful supply of great minds, though the fact, if it be a fact, is somewhat obscured by the external appearance of things.

Recently Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for India in the British Parliament, wrote that "While prepared to support Indian self-government, they were not going to sacrifice British interests." To safeguard such interests, while being prepared to support self-government, he was then drafting a bill giving absolute autocracy over India to a foreign governor-general, and expanding that autocracy to a group of foreign governors of the provinces; he was assigning the responsible posts in government service to foreigners; and, as an ultimate safeguard (against self-government), he was providing for the retention of the army in India in the hands of a parliament of foreigners five thousand miles away. That is one way of supporting Indian self-government. As a piece of inconsistency it sets Sir Samuel Hoare fairly high among the "great minds" of today.

"France and England must hold together, because both are great colonial powers, and both represent the spirit of liberty. . . . It is obvious that the power holding Indo-China needs to be friendly with the empire controlling Singapore. . . . " Thus spake Edouard Herriot, once alleged-socialist premier of France. He reads "holding" and "controlling" as synonyms for "the spirit of liberty." A few days after this utterance of a "great mind" (ex hypothesis) France was giving a demonstration of "the spirit of liberty" over in Morocco. The safeguarding of "British interests" in India, and the "need to be friendly" between two exponents of "the spirit of liberty" "holding" and "controlling" Asian areas near one another, uncovers the psychology that is holding up the passionate demand of the peoples of the world for the assurance of peace through disarmament.

Pundit Ramsay MacDonald, that other alleged-Socialist, who wrote "Awakening India," has long been among the "great minds," and is now accompanied by Sir John Simon on visits to other candidates for the distinction, some of whom, however, are not promising well. When the two British statesmen wax enthusiastic over the scrapping of bombing aeroplanes (except of course by the British who need them for police purposes in distant places: to wit, defenceless villages in northern India) the others sometimes turn their faces away and cough.

Two "great minds" have recently emerged. "I speak as a Christian," said Mr. Matsuoka when retiring from the League of Nations. . . . "we can crush Chinese resistance." Which is quite a "great mind" way of being a follower of the promulgator of that popular Christian practice of turning the other cheek. And brother Hitler at the opening of the Reichstag said, "We are sincere friends of peace" . . . hence the claim for equality of murder-equipment with such other friends of peace as Signor Mussolini who has elevated to the level of the symbol of modern Italy, the rifle—that instrument that confers the peace of death on those who disagree with you.

British power in India boasts that it has suppressed the Indian National Congress. This is how suppression works. Two Indian ladies, a grandmother and her daughter, awoke a month ago to what was taking place in India, and realized that they had no country of their own to live for, and that the best of their kindred were in British jails. They determined to make a protest. They first went to their temple and prayed for help. Then they went to the front of a shop that sold foreign cloth and proceeded to picket customers. They were haled to the local court by the police, and next morning were in jail under a six months sentence for doing in India what the Prince of Wales has been doing in England, and what every wise economist should be doing everywhere: advising people to support their own immediate industries as a way to reducing dependence for essentials on foreign supplies, from which dependence arises the problems of "policing the seas," and other symptoms of "civilization."

And this is from a letter from a quiet Indian professional gentleman: "We in India are passing through most distressing times, and there is no knowing how much more there is still in store for us to suffer under this insensate and cruel regime of Ordinance raj! Truly it is a trying *tapas* (discipline) for us all, mostly for Gandhiji and other noble souls like him who are rotting behind the prison bars of the British jails. But Freedom is a precious thing, and it cannot be won without unflinching *tapas*. Through the great Mahatma's teaching India has realized that now fully well. And though *purna swaraj* (complete self-rule) is still not concretely visible, it is increasingly becoming so to the mind's eye of many a soul in this country. I for one cannot believe that such a pure leader as Bapu (Gandhiji) has come to be defeated by the forces of violence and untruth. . . ." The writer of the letter is not a Hindu.

Bombay, India. A CORRESPONDENT.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 246)

itual consciousness or conviction which are determining the actual lives of significant groups of people. Educational, philanthropic, social, economic, national, and political 'Faiths' will thus be included. The effort is to help mankind to develop a new spiritual dynamic, competent to master and reform the world."

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Headquarters, June to November, 1933, Hotel Morrison, Chicago.

The Awful Sin in the World

When I have seen young men cover their faces in navy hospital beds lest the visitor might recognize them as the victims of diseases developing from the frightful temptations to which they had succumbed in navy life, and when I have heard or known of foreign army officers encouraging degrading relationships for their men, I have felt that militarism—frequently upheld by well-intending Christians who little understand its dangers—was the awful sin in the world.

When I have seen great crowds of beautiful boys gathered from over the United States, clad in white, standing in queues in a certain district of Panama when the fleets were in, I have perceived that even "preparedness" may be part of the awful sin in the world.

When I have heard of the sergeant who called out to the lads fresh at bayonet practice — while instructing them how to stab and cut at the vitals

of an enemy, "Now, boys, you must forget all you learned in Sunday School!" when I realize that the Sunday School teaches one thing and the army another, and how spiritually blurred the youthful conscience may thereby become, I again have thought that even preparing for conflict was one of the awful sins in the world.

When war involves Methodists bayonetting Methodists, Baptists shooting Baptists, Presbyterians blowing Presbyterians to bits, Catholics annihilating Catholics, Jews killing Jews, and so on *ad nauseam*, when these beastly deeds are performed at the behest of a physically safe leadership, very frequently for private gain or for prestige but hid by a propaganda of professedly noble ideals, when I have recalled that such deviltry is the result of ignoring the leadership of Jesus Christ—then I am sure that such unholy scenes constitute the awful sin in the world.

When I have been told of how New Testaments during the Great War became unsalable abroad in some places and how the Book which commands, "Love your enemies," was converted into pulp for ammunition wherewith to kill enemies; since I have heard of how the Department of Justice at Washington in 1917 officially informed well-known Boston people that the free distribution of the Sermon on the Mount without note or comment would be regarded as "pro-German," when I heard of how portions of the New Testament during the Great War were seized in England as seditious literature, under the Defense of the Realm Act, and have contemplated a system which can thus assault our religion, it has made me feel that war, in essence, is the awful sin in the world.

When I have read in English newspapers—often so frank in their statements—that the eminent English General, Sir Ian Hamilton, was alleged to have declared at a memorial service, of the British soldiers—naturally humane—that "propaganda was necessary to harden their hearts for the job" of killing; when I reflect upon the spirit and teachings of Jesus but see the effects of hate among unnumbered millions of people to their mutual destruction while many other millions, mostly innocent women and children, have perished miserably in the strife, I am positive that as a question of wickedness war constitutes the awful sin in the world.

When I see the ideals of Christianity so distorted that many well-meaning people can easily disregard the killing or abusing of young men who for conscience sake refuse to enter into military activities; when I have personally witnessed in many parts of the world what Sir Phillip Gibbs has also told—the refusal of many young men to accept the profession of the religion of Jesus because of these glaring inconsistencies—I feel that this renunciation and recrucifixion of Christ is the awful sin in the world.

A system that necessarily debases the ideals that Jesus taught, that encourages temptations and activities which terribly hurt men and women in body, soul, property or conscience constitutes a supreme sin against the Holy Spirit, who teaches absolutely different things. The cumulative evidence is that Militarism—the mother of unnumbered evils and passions—is the awful sin in the world.

When we know that countless millions all over the world today are plunged into sorrow and starvation—the aftermath of war—while some great industrial concerns continue to turn out implements for human destruction, and prosecute their propaganda at every available point, profiting thereby, I am impelled to ask the plain people of my country—the ultimate sufferers—to let our government know that we demand policies of justice and cooperation that will make impossible the perpetuation of this awful sin in the world.

WILLIAM C. ALLEN.

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